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SIXPENCE.

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THE MAN AND THE GUN THAT BROUGHT DOWN A ZEPPELIN AT RÉVIGNY: A FRENCH ARTILLERYMAN AND THE "75" FROM WHICH THE DECISIVE SHOT WAS FIRED.

As mentioned under our other photographs and drawings illustrating the subject elsewhere in this Number, the gun from which was fired the incendiary shell which destroyed a Zeppelin at Révigny was one of the famous French "seventy-fives" mounted on a motor-car. The first shell fired from it struck the fore-part of the airship; four other

shells followed in quick succession, and then the sixth passed right into the Zeppelin and sealed its fate. Naturally, the artilleryman who accomplished this fine feat was the hero of the hour. To bring down a Zeppelin is a notable achievement. He is seen here standing beside the gun which he served so well.

LITERATURE.

"The Tropics." There are some books of which the title is the best part; there are others of which a commonplace title belittles a fascinating content. Into the latter category comes "The Tropics," by C. R. Enock (Grant Richards). The first suggestion conveyed by the title is of a mass of verbiage almost as redundant as the flora of the countries discussed, a surfeit of descriptive writing, and a general impression of much ado about nothing. It is not necessary to spend an hour with Mr. Enock's book to realise that he has a serious purpose and an entirely new view-point, or that his latest work is one that demands the most serious consideration. He is no mere globe-trotter; his wide and comprehensive survey of tropic lands serves to illustrate a remarkable plea. It is his aim to supply the raw material for a "science of constructive human geography," bearing to ordinary geography the relation that medicine bears to anatomy. He sets out to take stock of the resources, potentialities, and capabilities of the tropics and their inhabitants, as a step towards the economic world-order that is, in his belief, the divine far-off event to which the whole creation moves. It is interesting to note that his views had the support of the late Alfred Russel Wallace. On his travels he has studied not only what the people of the tropics can do to-day, but what they have done in a dim and half-obliterated past. He finds that from time immemorial the black and brown races of the torrid zone have worked in metal, stone, and textiles with extreme ingenuity and resource. For example, the forebears of the poor hemp-slaves of Mexico were builders of the first order; at Dacca, on the Ganges, the textile productions were not only useful, but beautiful—and Manchester killed them. In these and many other cases he finds that Western civilisation has exploited the tropics mercilessly, in order that the manufacturers of Europe's ugliest and wealthiest cities may buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. With a large vision, he demands a new science that shall teach the best and fairest conditions under which corporate human life may be lived, not for the benefit of one race, but for the common good of all. It is with this high aim in view that he takes the reader through French, Spanish, and Portuguese tropical Africa, the Congo, South-West Africa, Rhodesia, East Africa, Arabia, Indo-China, the Malay Peninsula, Central and South America—always readable, often instructive, never failing to bear in mind the large contention that vitalises all he has written and makes it of real importance as a contribution to the well-being of the world. To those of us who know something of the tropics, and have studied the modern conditions of exploitation that receive the tacit sanction of our race and times, the difficulties before the realisation of Mr. Enock's ideal may well seem overwhelming; but it must be admitted that there is nothing in the author's claims that has not the complete sanction of moral law. At a time like the present, when the world-conscience is stirred, and those who will ponder the existing relations between temperate and tropic zones can hardly escape qualms of conscience, it is at least possible to suggest that Mr. Enock's book deserves the largest possible audience, to hail him as the pioneer of a new movement that, carried to a logical end, would put a period to many of the abuses that have shocked the sense of Western civilisation for a long time past. Nothing so suggestive, so illuminating, and so helpful to right-thinking men has issued from a publisher's office for very many years. It is a book to read and circulate.

Louis Philippe. Mr. R. S. Garnett has played agreeably with human curiosity in translating for the first time into English Dumas père's "Le Dernier Roi des Français," a book of which many Dumas lovers are quite ignorant. It appeared in 1852, and was thrice reprinted within twelve months, and since then has not been reissued. It does not appear in the novelist's complete works. The reason is not far to seek. This history of Louis Philippe contained certain references to Louis Napoleon which were not agreeable to the Second Empire. Hence a discreet oblivion. The work, however, emerges not unfitnessly at a moment when the study of France has become something of a cult. It is a revelation of origins; a revelation, too, of personalities; and as history it does not lack claims to consideration. Alexandre the Great lived through the events he describes: he was in close touch with the Court and the person of the King of the French; and if he does colour his pages with his own romantic mentality, that does not mean that he is altogether untrustworthy. On the contrary, it can be shown that Dumas could, when he chose, be ruthlessly accurate. The trouble is to know when he chose, and only readers most closely acquainted with the period will be able to make the necessary discounts. They must also know Alexandre, his prejudices, and his axes to grind. But it is brave reading, quite in the "Musketeers" vein, and there is excellent portraiture and painting. The writer had a great eye, of course, for sensational detail; at the same time, he had no bad grasp of politics; and no one will deny him a sagacity that on more than one occasion made him a true prophet. He was a Republican who could disapprove of royalty and yet honour the King—or at least be friendly with the man who happened to be King. He foretold the downfall of Louis Philippe with sufficient exactness. Perhaps it did not require a very great prophet to see the end of that wrong-headed monarch's career, but Alexandre likes you to think of himself as a seer, and of course he persuades you of his gifts in that respect. In describing the Revolution of 1848 he is in his element. As an officer of the National Guard he saw something of the street fighting at first hand. And he had all the news for his own journal. Part of this book, in fact, is taken from its columns. It is journalism, and good journalism at that, touched up, in the Dumas manner, so as to read like a novel. The escape of the King and the final scenes in the Tuileries, with the howling mob always in the background, betrays the right Dumas touch. What an acquisition the elder Alexandre would have been to the "film" business! "The Last King; or, The New France" (Stanley Paul) is the title of this translation, which was certainly worth while making.

DR. E. J. DILLON.

We regret that we are unable to give this week an article by Dr. Dillon. We hope to be able to print one in our next issue.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SILVER CRUCIFIX," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

IF you can't tolerate this—if you can't enjoy it—you've mistaken your business," was a veteran critic's reply to the yawn of a novice years ago outside the Princess's. Old "Joe" Knight spoke the truth. Melodrama that is efficient has quite a legitimate place in the theatre; and it is a fact that practitioners of this form succeed far oftener in getting their effects, however crude these may be, than more ambitious playwrights. Hence in no small measure their justification. "The Silver Crucifix" is a case in point. You can see how it has been made up of clichés and stock types and stock situations; you can trace its borrowings and foresee its developments; you may smile at its heroics and its stage-villainy, and question the correctness of its pictures of studio and restaurant life in France; but you recognise that its adapter, Mr. Walter Howard, and its leading players, Miss Annie Saker and Mr. Alfred Paumier, know what they are aiming at, and achieve their aims. Miss Saker, perhaps, gets better chances as the naughty dancer who lives to repent of her past than as the virtuous wife who is condemned to die, but she doubles her rôle with admirable virtuosity. Mr. Paumier makes the most picturesque and masterful of villains; and his villain, by the way, has the unusual experience of fighting gallantly for his country in the hero's company. Time, you see, works its changes even on melodrama; the rogue here is allowed his good points, and vice is permitted a chance of reform.

"PETE," AT THE STRAND.

Mr. Hall Caine must always go one better than any other melodramatist—must pile Ossa on Pelion in the way of emotional agony; but if you can allow for that tendency, you cannot help welcoming a revival of "Pete" if only because the play contains so simple and direct a story. This and that screwing-up of the pitch of pathos, you may vote outrageous; but the main situation of a man, the soul of loyalty, blindly unconscious of the treachery of wife and friend, is not to be spoilt; and so "Pete" remains the best of all stage-versions of a Hall Caine romance. It calls for broad, strenuous treatment, and that is what it gets from Mr. Matheson Lang in the title-part, Miss Hutin Britton as the faithless heroine, and Mr. Henry Vibart as that unconscionable old scoundrel, César Cregeen. And if Pete's trustfulness is ideal to the point of stupidity, who cares, with such acting to condone it?

A CHANGE AND SOME NOVELTIES.

There is a new representative of the heroine of "Who Is He?" at the Haymarket, and all that need be said is that Miss Doris Lytton, with her personal charm, can be reckoned a real asset in a cast which must still rely mainly on the services of Mr. Henry Ainley, so piquant as the mysterious lodger, and Miss Clare Greet, a comédienne whose humour has at length got its chance in the oddities of Mr. Vachell's inquisitive landlady. At the Adelphi there have also been changes, but changes of material and not of company. "Tina" can boast some new numbers—a cinema song for lively Miss Mabel Sealby, a ditty better than its inane motto for Mr. W. H. Berry, and a quartette that would amuse our Italian Allies. Both plays seem in the height of their runs.

"THE ARM OF THE LAW," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Mr. Bourchier has revived at His Majesty's one of his old Garrick successes, that moving if melodramatic thesis-play of Brien's, "La Robe Rouge," otherwise "The Arm of the Law." But he has given it a happy ending, saved Yanetta from her crime of murdering her husband's torturer, the examining magistrate, and suggested the prospect of Etchepare's overlooking her pre-nuptial fault. The change may serve well enough as a sop to English sentiment, but it robs the playwright's sermon of its illustration, its forcefulness, and its point. Playgoers, however, who are not troubled by such a defeat of artistic purpose, will rejoice to renew acquaintance with the emotional intensity of the drama's law-court passages and with some first-rate acting. It is a pity, to be sure, that Mr. Bourchier should have succumbed to the temptation of marring his extremely clever and even subtle portrait of the *juge d'instruction* by little streaks of burlesque, and should have permitted some of his colleagues to indulge in extravagances of farce. But Mr. Jerrold Robertson's study of the victimised Basque peasant is as splendidly virile as ever; while the new-comer to the rôle of Yanetta, Miss Kyrle Bellew, if a little monotonous in her displays of grief and cries of rage, never lets her scenes down, and is, on the whole, surprisingly good. So that the revival is well worth a visit.

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NEW NOVELS.

"These Twain." The battle of matrimony is the theme of "These Twain" (Methuen), which completes the Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways trilogy. Here are Edwin and Hilda married, living (of course) in the Five Towns, and Edwin consciously, and Hilda subconsciously, struggling in the galling harness of holy wedlock. The two incompatibles, the male and the female, alternately embrace and wrangle; and Edwin is in a state of constant vacillation between the pride and amazement of the married lover in his own woman, and exasperation at being yoked together with a being so capricious and so unstable. It will be remembered that the unhappy couple in "The Kreutzer Sonata" loved and hated too, in a matrimonial pandemonium; but Mr. Arnold Bennett forbears to draw Tolstoy's drastic moral. His man and woman, perhaps because they are not Russian but English, settle eventually into the compromise of resignation—or harmony. The compromise is, however, of the nature of Abraham Lincoln's, when he wanted the door painted white and his wife wanted it painted green. By mutual concession, it was painted green. . . . Edwin Clayhanger is left at the end in a thrill at the discovery of his virtue of submission to the unreasonableness of Hilda. If she were not unreasonable, where would be the virtue? For the rest, the Five Towns characters are as characteristically Arnold Bennett as ever, and we perceive the later history of the Orgrave family, Mr. Bennett has a perverse delight in ugly words—"functionary," "claustration," "excitation."

"The Daughter Pays."

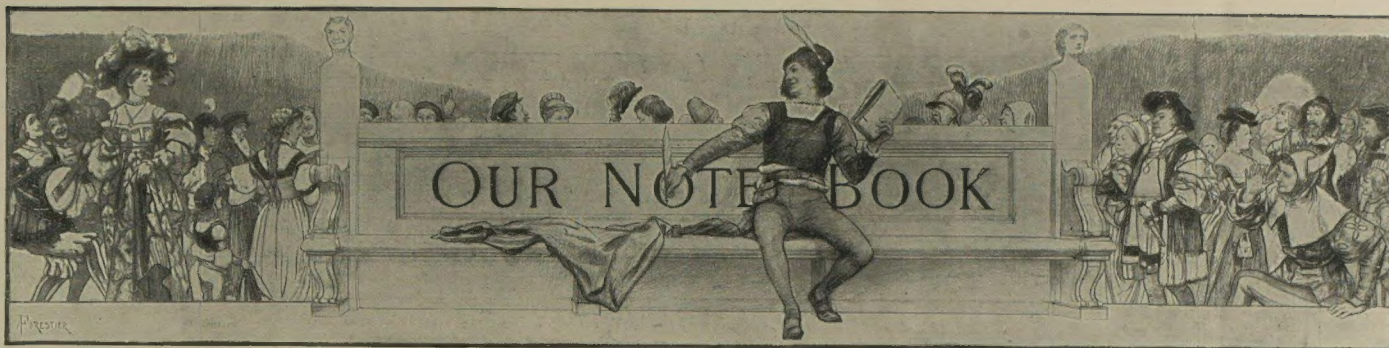
Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds is a staunch adherent to the romantic school. She will have none of the modern realism—nothing to do with the vivisectionary methods that the clever young men with ideas find so enticing. "The Daughter Pays" (Cassell) gives us a situation that the author of "Molly Bawn" loved to present to her gentle readers, who curled themselves in basket-chairs and devoured chocolate-creams and romance simultaneously. Take a young girl and a man a score of years her senior, snare them into a nominal marriage for an ingenious reason (Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds's reason is more ingenious than usual), let them thoroughly misunderstand each other, and plump them into love as near to the last chapter as can be conveniently arranged. There you have a popular novel—"The Daughter Pays" in the present instance. There is something that never fails to allure in the preliminary estrangement and final reconciliation of an ill-assorted pair. It has a tang to it, a more appetising savour than the alternative story of man and wife beginning well and ending badly. Besides, all nice normal people prefer a happy ending, let the clever young men rage never so furiously together. "The Daughter Pays" is written with facility, and it tells its sentimental tale with a direct and bright appeal. Pre-eminently a woman's novel written for women, it will, we predict, be a prime favourite at the circulating libraries.

"Casuals of the Sea."

There is good stuff in "Casuals of the Sea" (Martin Secker), which is a sound, solid plum-cake of realistic fiction, a book to invite a reader to cut and come again. A generous hand weighed out the raisins, too. The conventions of novel-writing do not trouble Mr. William McAfee greatly, and he is not to be daunted by the mass of his material. So we have the history of Hannibal Goodrich, beginning, before him, with his brother Bill, who goes for a soldier and tails off just as his fighting character bids fair to justify itself in maturity. Also we get his sister Minnie—two-thirds of the book, more or less, are sister Minnie. And Hannibal no sooner finds himself than he too tails off (with pneumonia)—and there you have your rounded life, and the story, so incompletely complete, is done. Mr. McAfee is a philosopher, and we guess that he has a firm belief in his powers of observation. He gives us the results of a varied experience, certainly; perhaps it is his intention that there shall be an effect of haphazard dealing with the ample material he draws upon. In the big things—for instance, in his accurate view of Minnie as the *demi-mondaine* without vice—he is cleverly on the spot; in smaller matters he can be caught tripping. Boys do not go bird-nesting in August—in North London or elsewhere; it is not the young bourgeois Englishwoman who dresses in black—she might be better turned-out if she did; and we doubt, with a Board of Education extant, if Hanny were able, at seven, to sit in his sister's pocket at her classes. These blemishes are a pity, for they make some of Mr. McAfee's passages just a little fanciful and unconvincing.

"The Strangers' Wedding."

Set a marriage before Mr. W. L. George, and he will dissect it out under your admiring eyes, nerve and tissue and all, until there is not a cell of the mystery unexplored. He does not treat you to a lecture on the subject; mastery of his instruments suffices—a twist here, a dig there. . . . "The Strangers' Wedding" (Fisher Unwin) is sub-titled "The Comedy of a Romantic"—and that, again, shows the skill of Mr. George. For Huncote began with great aspirations, a young man who would not be gross, who would elevate the masses, who would be correct—romantically correct and un-Victorian. He went to work in a Settlement, and in the course of his appreciation of helping St. Panwich (just, in fact, when a little tarnish, distilled from the dingy atmosphere, so uncontrollable and so penetrating, of London, was beginning to cloud his first fine careless rapture) he blundered into love with Sue, whose mother washed fine laces, and whose father was the worse for drink when he chose to be. Hereafter, our sympathies and interest are transferred to Sue. Such a good girl, pretty too, sacrificed to this futile prig! That is how the vulgar Sue and the superior, well-meaning Huncote work out matrimonially under Mr. George's scalpel. You perceive the comedy? It is fine work, an excellent specimen of the art of the English novelist, modern-school, temp. George V. (or late Edwardian). The author has pity, and sympathy; but they do not interfere with the thoroughness of his dissection.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE modern Germans are something that is worse than destructive: they are uncreative. To put it more precisely, they are anti-creative. They have a mental attitude which makes war not only on all that others have done, but on all that they themselves might do. And if we want a type or summary of this state of mind, we could not find a better one than the phrase used, I believe, by General von Disfurch: "The commonest, ugliest stone put up to mark the burial-place of a German grenadier is a more glorious and venerable monument than all the cathedrals of Europe put together." When people who talk like that try to make a cathedral, it is likely to be a heap of the commonest and ugliest stones. If the General had said that the soul of a grenadier, or of a garrotter, is more glorious than all the cathedrals, he would only have been saying what all the cathedrals exist to say. But since most cathedrals are not only concerned for the souls of the dead, but are full of the bodies of the dead, it is logically certain that the General was not speaking of a human body and a human soul, but specially of a German and specially of a grenadier. The General really means that the difference between Germans and non-Germans is so great that German trifles are more important than non-German treasures, as a giant's toothpick might be taller than a man's walking-stick, or an archangel's feather might be larger than a sparrow's wing. In other words, the General is mad. He sees something that is not there. For a real giant could walk across Europe from the Latins to the Slavs, and right through the Germans, without seeing any difference beyond a slight dullness and tameness in the central populations. The mere external system of civilisation, at least, would strike the giant's eye as pretty much the same everywhere. If he were a simple giant, he would see that the civilisation was common to the French and Germans. If he were a learned giant, he would know it was mostly copied from the French. But no giant in the wildest fairy-tale could entertain the fancy of there being such a difference as the poor General's distinction implies—by which one dead German weighs more than fifty dead Frenchmen. He would merely wonder what such a statement could possibly mean. It only means something which always produces simultaneously the wildest thought and the weakest art. It only means self-satisfaction, which is the death of self-expression.

For it should be noted that the cathedrals also, in a sense, began with the common soldier and the common stone. But they began in a certain spirit, a spirit which is not content with its surroundings because it is not content with itself. It can never do enough for the subject, and therefore can never do enough with the substance. There is no end to what it would do for the soul, and therefore no end to what it can do with the stone. General von Disfurch, being a German soldier and thinking there can be

nothing so good as a German soldier, is content to remain as stony as the stone and as stiff as the grenadier. He can apply what is called "organisation" to the stone, as to the German soldier. That is, he can copy the common ugly stone and turn it into a long row of common ugly stones, parallel to the long row of common ugly Germans whom he drills and parades in patterns. But they are not patterns that any person of taste wants to look at, if he can pick up a scrap of sculptured stone from the shattered towers of Rheims. Multiplication may or may not be vexation, but certainly it is not creation. German efficiency, which makes the utmost possible uniformity over a large space, merely gets further and further from mediæval inspiration, which made the utmost possible variety in a small space. There is a stale joke about some unlettered person who said "If you give him a hinch he will take a hell"; but it is really

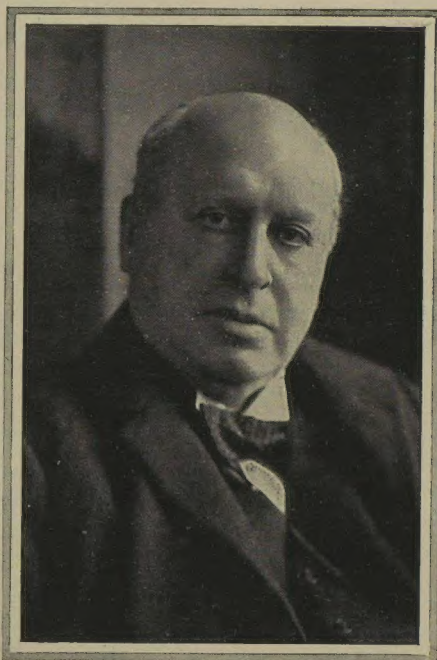
things, I unhesitatingly prefer the Germany of militarism. The men who fight for the Kaiser are at least serving, so to speak, a mispronunciation of Cæsar. The men who work for the Krupps are serving something that no one ever tried to pronounce before, the newest and ugliest name for the newest and ugliest thing that was ever named without being christened. Military Prussia has at least the virtues of eighteenth-century militarism. Mercantile Prussia has not the virtues of twentieth-century capitalism: because it has no virtues. German militarists are at least unquestionably fighting for their country; but German capitalists, even according to the German Press, seem to be largely occupied in robbing their country. I very much prefer even the Prussian eagle when it goes forth to slay to the Prussian vulture that only feeds upon the slain. I would reverse the choice even more sharply in the scientific case.

I should have thought that if there was one thing more than another that the Germans had dragged through the mire and made a rag of loathliness for all living men, it was German science. It is precisely in the contributions which science has made to their side that we find the two really intolerable elements: the element of torture and the element of treachery. There was a dramatic drop in their moral standard on the day they discovered that the test-tube is mightier than the sword. The weapons of the primitive tribesman and the savage hunter were not only more chivalrous but were actually more humane. The captives of the bow and spear were better off than those who inhaled the breezes made fragrant by German doctors in Flanders, or those who "drank the waters" medicated by German doctors in Africa. There is no reason to respect the chemists who work in the domains of Kaiser William, except in the sense that we respect the chemists who worked in the service of Cæsar Borgia.

And it seems pretty clear that the mentality of men of science in modern Germany must approximate to the mentality of hired torturers, who pride themselves on hydraulic racks and electric thumb-screws.

And last and least of all should we admire or imitate the industrial organisation of modern Germany. It has neither the independence and virility of the Victorian Radical men of business nor the dignity and equality promised us by the Socialistic men of ideals. It is simply a new slavery, in which the slaves are very slavish without the lords being in the least lordly. It is military privilege and military subordination unsavouried by that salt of a common peril which is the equality and fraternity of arms. It is a mere garrison of rich men billeted permanently upon a people; men whose ideal is a perpetual pillage in a perpetual peace.

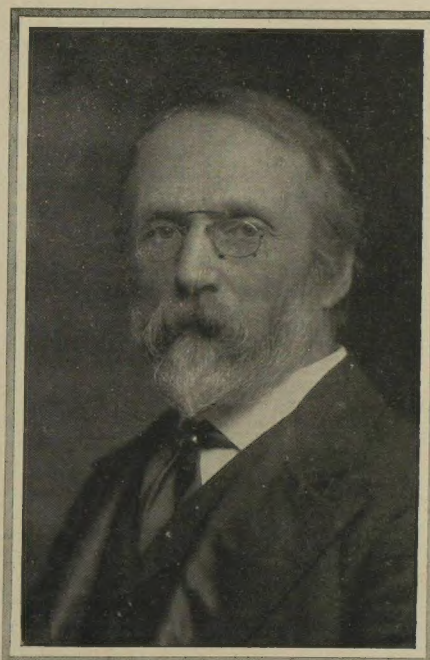
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A GREAT WRITER DEAD: MR. HENRY JAMES, O.M.:
DIED, FEBRUARY 28.

An American-born writer, naturalised last year, a faultless master of English, and author of many works remarkable for their power of minute analysis and exquisite expression, Mr. Henry James has left a literary legacy to the world which will last as long as the English language endures. Novels, plays, *belles lettres*, came from his pen with equal facility. As a writer with a vocabulary "unmatched for splendour and grace," he will remain a great figure in literature for all time.

Photograph by Haines.



A FAMOUS CLERK TO THE L.C.C.: THE LATE SIR GEORGE
LAURENCE GOMME.

Probably no man of his generation knew London more intimately, or was a greater authority upon its history, than the late Sir Laurence Gomme, who died last week in his sixty-third year. He was a mine of authentic information on Old London, and at the same time had for thirty years watched the constant development of the great city. He was born in London, was educated at the City of London School; and was Clerk to the London County Council from 1900 to 1915.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

true that if you gave the mediævals an inch they could produce a hell, with heaven and purgatory thrown in. There are corners of carving and illuminated lettering where we have all seen them. You do not touch the fringe of this creative faculty by mere largeness or even by mere arrangement. You do not do it by turning men into mile-stones; and then boasting of the number of miles they cover. In all such operations, however elaborate, there remains a basic satisfaction with the commonness and ugliness of the stone or of the man's mind. In this matter, if you make an idol of a stone you seldom make a statue of it.

The politician chiefly responsible for the Insurance Act said some little time ago that there were two Germanies just before the war: the Germany of militarism with which he urged us to conflict, and the Germany of science and industrial organisation to which he confessed himself much indebted. For my part, if I have to choose between two such unpleasant

WHERE, JUST BEFORE, A STATELY LINER RODE THE SEA: THE MOMENT AFTER THE "MALOJA" HAD GONE DOWN.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "DAILY MAIL."



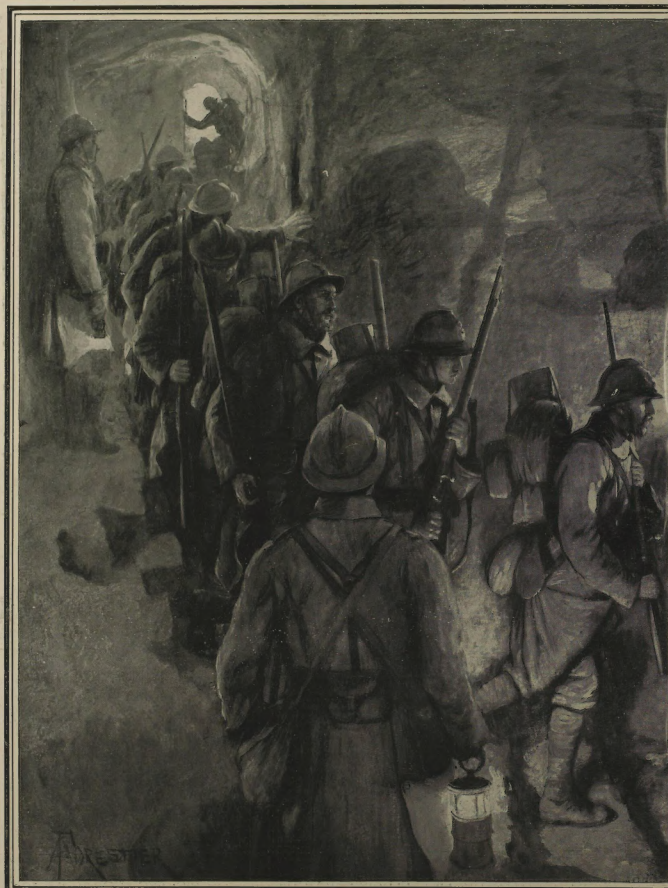
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE P. & O. LINER "MALOJA" PLUNGED BENEATH THE WAVES: AFTER BEING BLOWN UP OFF DOVER: RESCUE-BOATS PICKING UP SURVIVORS.

The largest of the P. and O. liners, the mail-steamer "Maloja," sank between Dover and Folkestone, within sight of shore, at about 11 a.m. on Sunday, February 27, some twenty-five minutes after a violent explosion aft caused either by a mine, or, as the Chief Officer has suggested, possibly by a torpedo. The "Maloja" was outward bound for Bombay, with over 400 people on board, including more than 40 women and 19 children. The death-roll was officially stated as probably 155, of whom 49 were passengers; 72 passengers, including 7 children, were safely brought to land. Some of those who lost their lives were killed by the explosion, which blew in the side of the second saloon, others were drowned, and others died from exposure to the intensely cold water. There was no panic, and everything possible was done to save those on board by lowering boats and rafts, and distributing life-belts, in

the use of which the passengers had been instructed. The captain and officers stuck to the ship to the last, and were afterwards all picked up from the water. Immediately the disaster occurred, numerous craft—tugs, pinnaces, destroyers, and patrol-boats—rushed to the rescue, and picked up survivors. One ship, the British tank-steamer "Empress of Fort William," was also sunk, apparently by a mine, while approaching the scene to help in the rescue-work. A strong sea was running at the time. The remarkable photographic impression here reproduced shows the scene the moment after the "Maloja" had taken her final plunge beneath the sea. In the circumstances, of course, details are not very sharply defined, but the white swirl over the spot where the ship went down can be clearly seen, with the boats rescuing people from the water.

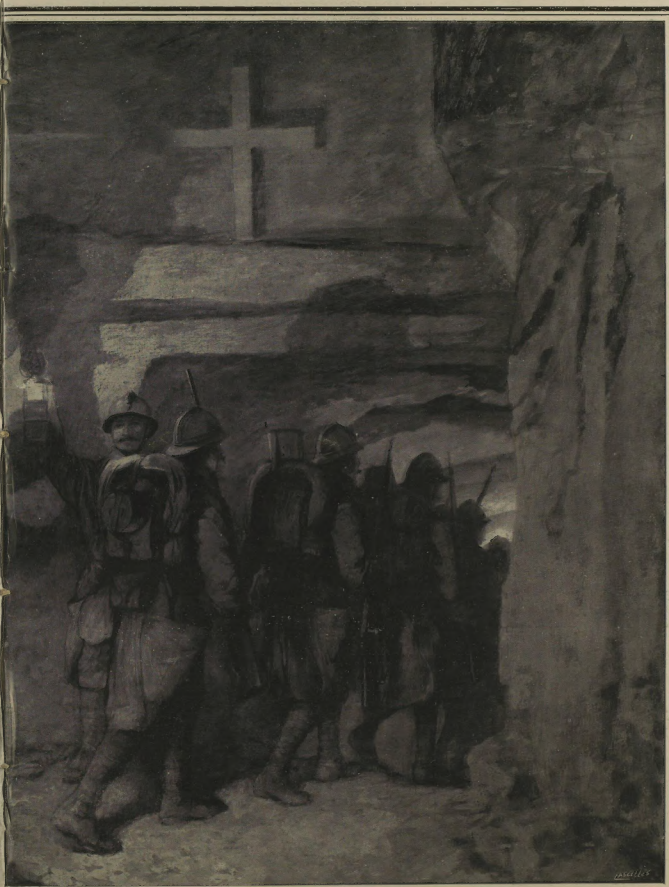
THE MEDÆVAL IN THE WARFARE OF TO-DAY: FRENCH

DRAWN BY A. FORSTER FROM



SOLDIERS ENTERING THEIR UNDERGROUND QUARTERS.

A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS.



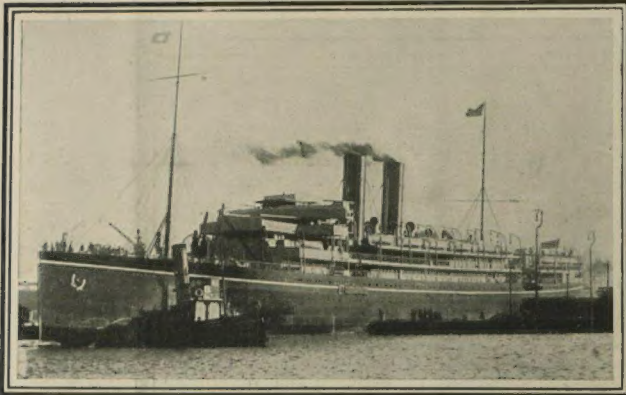
"LIKE THE MEN OF SOME MEDÆVAL STRONGHOLD": STEEL-HELMETED

At a hasty first glance, the helmeted figures here seen might be taken for infantry men-at-arms of olden times entering by the customary underground passage under the battlements from a sally-port in the midst of some mediæval castle, on their stairs down a rising force among the enemy. As a fact, they are a party of French footmen making their way to the kind of quarters in which great numbers of the French troops have been well housed all through the winter. "In many sectors along the Western front," describes Mr. Villiers, in a note to his sketch, "the French have been in winter quarters in underground 'fortresses,' large enough to hold whole

FRENCH INFANTRYMEN GOING TO THEIR SUBTERRANEAN BILLOTS.

battalions. The men can live there in perfect comfort and under the best sanitary conditions for a week or more without showing themselves above the surface of the ground. The soldiers, still wearing their steel helmets before donning their gas-caps, looked like the men of some mediæval stronghold as they wended their way down roughly hewn passages to their various billets in the bowels of 6-8 earth, where they are safe from the biggest and most powerfully penetrating shell of the enemy." The representation on the walls of the passage of a prominently displayed cross adds a further mediæval touch to the scene depicted.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

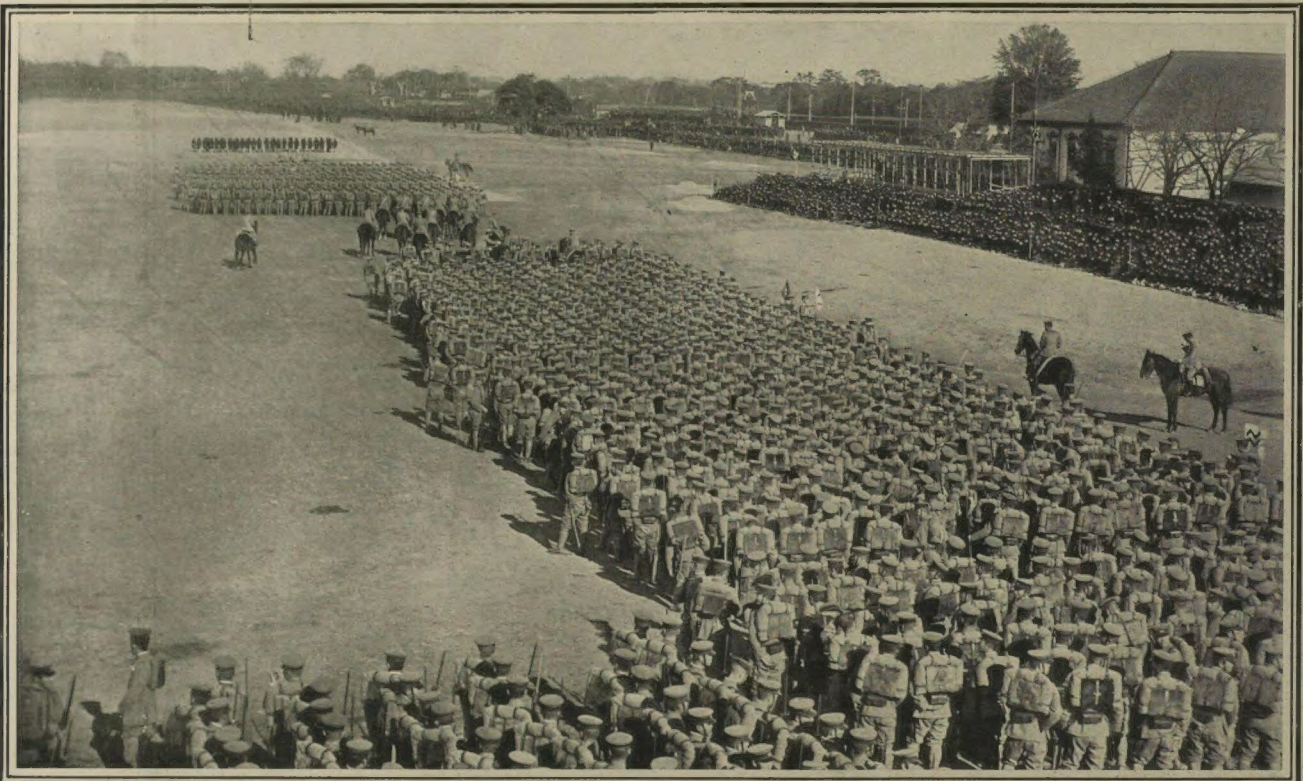
THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



SUNK BY A MINE OFF DOVER: THE P. AND O.'S LARGEST LINER, THE "MALOJA."
The "Maloja" struck a mine off Dover on the morning of February 27, and sank within half an hour. According to the latest official statement by the P. and O. Company at the time of writing, there were 456 people on board, of whom 301 were saved. The remaining 155 were returned



IN THE LOST LINER: THE FIRST-CLASS DINING-SALOON OF THE "MALOJA."
as "missing." The ship, which was bound from London to Bombay at the time of the disaster, was the largest mail-steamer in the P. and O. fleet. She was built in 1911, and was of 12,431 tons, with a speed of 18½ knots.—[Photographs by S. and G.]



AN ARMY THAT HAS DONE EXCELLENT WORK DURING THE WAR: AT THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE CORONATION REVIEW.
The Imperial Japanese Coronation Review, on December 2, was one of the finest military spectacles ever witnessed in the Far East since Japan became a first-class military Power. Every arm of the service was represented, and the display went off with splendid éclat and precision.—[Photograph by C.N.]



AT SALONIKA—THE ALGERIAN REGIMENTAL FÊTE: AN "IRON CROSS HERO" DOING HIS GOOSE-STEP!

Two interesting camp-events in the French lines at Salonika are shown here. The first is a snapshot at a highly successful and entertaining fête, got up by an Algerian Corps, of which a special feature was the Grand Pageant and Circus in which events and people of the hour were burlesqued. The



AT SALONIKA—BRITISH DECORATIONS FOR FRENCH HEROES: GÉNÉRAL BAILLOUD DURING THE "MARSEILLAISE."

second was the military parade at which General Sir Bryan Mahor, commanding the British Wing of the Allied Army, decorated several French officers and men for distinguished service at Gallipoli.—[Official Press Bureau Photographs, supplied by Newspaper Illustrations.]

"BETTER FED THAN THE GERMANS": THE FRENCH COMMISSARIAT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



"WHEN THE TEMPERATURE REQUIRES IT": FRENCH SOLDIERS CARRYING SOUP AND WINE TO THE MEN IN THE FIRING-TRENCHES.



ATTACHED TO ALL THE FRENCH ARMY CORPS, AND FOUND VERY EFFICIENT: A CUISINE ROULANTE, OR WHEELED CAMP-KITCHEN.

In the very important matter of food the French Army, as might be expected in a country famous for culinary skill, is admirably catered for. "The French troops," recently wrote Mr. H. Warner Allen, a British correspondent accredited to the French Army, "are better fed than the Germans. . . . The Germans in the first line are given only one meal a day—at noon—and have to be contented at night with the coffee served out to them, or else with such provisions as they have been able to buy for themselves. The French commissariat has never failed to provide the entire Army with two good

meals a day, and for several weeks past an extra ration of meat has been given to the men who are most exposed; as the weather gets colder this measure will be extended to all units. When the temperature requires it, hot drinks, too—coffee and fixed measures of alcohol—will be served out regularly. Excellent service is being rendered by the *cuisines roulantes* (horse-drawn camp-kitchens), which are attached to all the Army corps at the front. . . . It is common knowledge that the French commissariat service has worked excellently since the beginning of the campaign."

WITH THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE FIELD: TRENCH WARFARE IN SNOW-COVERED WOODLAND COUNTRY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE SPADE IN WAR: FRENCH SOLDIERS PASSING ALONG A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH IN A CONQUERED SECTOR IN CHAMPAGNE TO DIG NEW TRENCHES.



TRAVERSING A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH IN A DANGEROUS CORNER: A SCENE IN CHAMPAGNE—SHOWING CROSSES OVER GRAVES IN THE SNOW.



WITH THE FRENCH MEDICAL SERVICE AT THE FRONT: AN UNDERGROUND AMBULANCE-STATION NEAR THE FIGHTING-LINE IN CHAMPAGNE.



SPADE-WORK IN THE SNOW AMONG THE WOODS OF CHAMPAGNE: FRENCH SOLDIERS EMPLOYED IN DIGGING FRESH COMMUNICATION-TRENCHES.



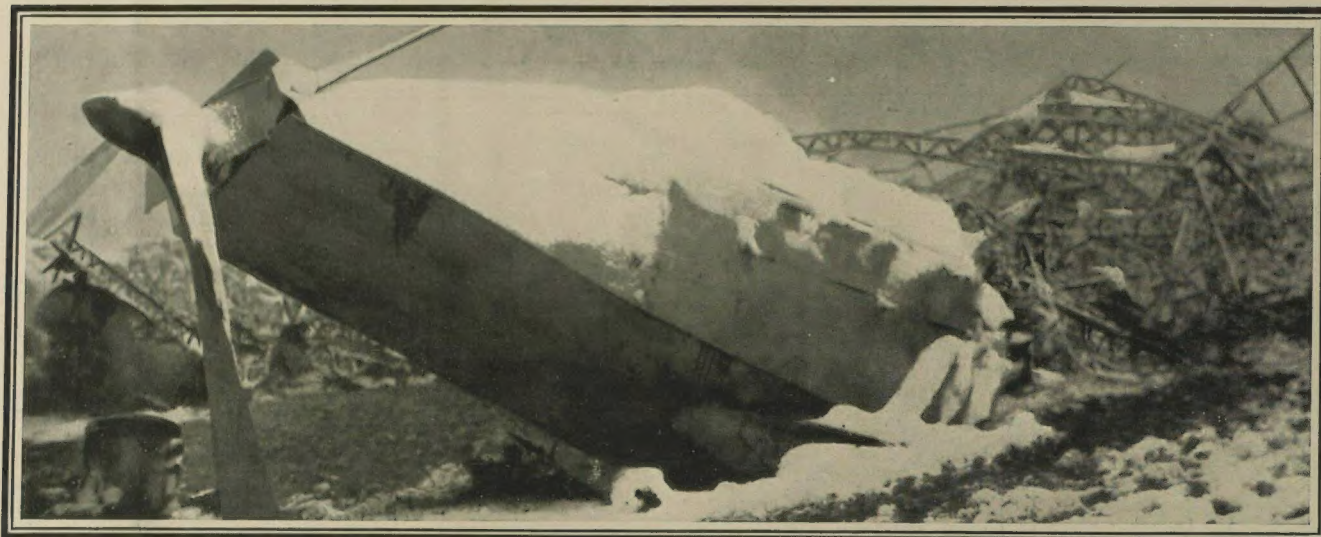
FRENCH SOLDIERS FULLY EQUIPPED FOR THE FIGHTING LINE: TROOPS MARCHING OFF TO TAKE THEIR PLACE IN THE FRONT TRENCHES IN CHAMPAGNE.

While interest in the Western campaign has naturally centred recently in the great battle near Verdun, it may be recalled that in Champagne, where these photographs were taken, continuous fighting had been also in progress, though on a lesser scale. For some weeks past both French and German communiqués have mentioned in that region activity in artillery and mine operations, grenade-fighting, and infantry attacks. On February 22, for example, Paris reported: "In Champagne we carried out a destructive fire on the enemy works to the west of Navarin"; while a Berlin report of the same date said: "Between the Somme and the Oise, on the Aisne front, and at many points in Champagne, the fighting has increased

to great violence." A Paris communiqué of the 24th stated: "We carried out a concentration of fire on the enemy organisations to the west of the Maisons de Champagne and south of St. Marie-à-Py." On the next day the French were able to announce a substantial success. "In Champagne, in the morning, we attacked and captured an enemy salient to the south of St. Marie-à-Py. In the course of this action we took 300 prisoners, including 16 non-commissioned officers and 5 officers." It may be recalled that it was in Champagne that the French made their great advance last autumn, when they captured many thousands of Germans.

SEARCHLIGHTS AND GUNS FATAL TO A ZEPPELIN: "L 77" DESTROYED.

DRAWING BY GEORGES SCOTT, FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



SHROUDED IN SNOW AFTER ITS FIERY FALL: WRECKAGE OF ZEPPELIN "L 77" AT BRABANT-LE-ROI, SHOWING THE POINT OF ONE OF HER CARS WITH A SHATTERED PROPELLER ATTACHED



"ONE OF THE HUGE EIGHT-CYLINDER MOTORS HALF-BURIED IN THE GROUND": A WRECKED CAR OF THE ZEPPELIN.



MEN WHOSE "EFFECTIVE ILLUMINATION" MADE POSSIBLE THE ARTILLERY'S SUCCESS: THE SEARCHLIGHT SECTION WHO LOCATED THE ZEPPELIN.



AFTER THE ZEPPELIN'S FALL, WHEN EXPLOSIONS CONTINUED: SOLDIERS AND A WOMAN GATE-KEEPER, WITH HER CHILDREN, WATCHING THE WRECKAGE BURN.

The destruction of the "L 77" was due to excellent searchlight work as well as to accurate shooting. Describing the scene after the great airship had fallen, Mr. W. L. MacAlpin writes, in the "Daily Mail": "I found the debris of the Zeppelin lying in a field in a corner of a great snow-covered plain. At one end of the mass of twisted, mussy metal protruded the sharp point of the front car, and at the other extremity the monstrous steering-wheel was plainly visible. . . . The first shot from the motor-car gun was fired before the searchlights began to play on the Zeppelin. . . . 'So effective

was the illumination (said the captain of the artillery section) that the gunners were able to direct their fire with accuracy.' . . . The remains of the Zeppelin look like a long broken ladder. All the upper structure has, of course, disappeared; what is left is the aluminium tubing, flanked by twisted trellis-work. One of the huge eight-cylinder motors lies half-buried in the ground. A woman who guards a railway level-crossing 100 hundred yards away told me that she heard the despairing cries of the men in the car as the Zeppelin was falling.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A GOOD SHOT FROM A "75": THE DESTRUCTION OF ZEPPELIN "L 77."

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT, FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY EYE-WITNESSES.



A BRILLIANT HIT WHICH MADE THE GUNNERS DANCE WITH JOY: "L 77" BROUGHT DOWN.

It was one of the famous French "75" guns, mounted on a car, from which the shots that brought down the "L 77" near Révigny were fired. "After something like twenty shots," writes Mr. W. L. MacAlpin, who visited the spot, "the gunners got home with one which sealed the fate of the pirate craft. French artillerymen are not accustomed to hide their feelings . . . and their enthusiasm got the better

of them. Some of them danced round the guns, embracing their comrades, while others gave vent to their joy in song. While the blazing Zeppelin was falling one of its crew climbed over the side of the car, slid down the rope, and fell to the ground from a height of 1000 ft. He was dead when picked up." The incident of the bringing down of "L 77" will be historic.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE ZEPPELIN FELL . . . COLLAPSING IN A MASS OF

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL; APPROVED



THE EFFECT OF A WELL-AIMED FRENCH INCENDIARY SHELL: WRECKAGE OF THE ZEPPELIN "L77" BROUGHT DOWN NEAR RÉVIGNY.



"O, WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!" THE REMAINS OUT OF ALL



SHOWING THE REMAINS OF A MOTOR: PART OF ONE OF THE CARS, OR GONDOLAS, OF THE ZEPPELIN "L77," AFTER IT FELL AT BRABANT-LE-ROL

FLAMES": WRECKAGE OF THE "L77" NEAR RÉVIGNY.

BY THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF WAR.



OF "L77"—ITS FRAMEWORK SMASHED AND TWISTED RECOGNITION.



"THE BODIES OF THE OFFICERS AND MEN . . . HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE CABIN-BOAT": A WRECKED CAR AND PROPELLER.



ANOTHER VIEW OF ONE OF THE CARS OF THE FALLEN ZEPPELIN: A FRENCH SOLDIER INSPECTING THE REMAINS OF AN ENGINE AMONG THE DÉBRIS.

The French paper "Petit Parisien" has since published a remarkably interesting account of the destruction of Zeppelin "L77," given by the artilleryman who fired the decisive shot—Adjutant G——, commanding a battery of motor-guns. "The Zeppelin," it states, "was first picked up by the rays of the searchlights when at an altitude of 2500 metres (about 8000 ft.) over Révigny, and two automobile guns, concealed somewhere north of Révigny, fired about twenty shells without success. When the Zeppelin was within about three kilometres (about 2 miles) of Sainte Mennehoule a '75' opened fire. The first shell, an incendiary, struck the fore part of the dirigible, and four others followed in quick succession. Then the sixth shell, fired by Adjutant G——, got properly home, passing into the middle of the Zeppelin. A great mass of flame spurted out and formed a circle of fire about the airship, which

began slowly to descend until, as it passed over the Révigny-Sainte Mennehoule lines at an altitude of about 800 metres (about 2600 ft.) it broke into two and collapsed. Meanwhile, the crew had thrown out a number of large bombs, which made great holes in the ground. One member of the crew jumped from the Zeppelin from a height of 200 metres and was picked up smashed to pieces. The Zeppelin itself fell, almost immediately afterwards, with a terrific noise, collapsing in a mass of flames. An excited crowd of spectators was quickly on the spot, loudly cheering, and on the following morning soldiers removed the charred and unrecognisable remains of the German airmen and buried them. The Adjutant was the recipient of the heartiest congratulations from his officers and comrades. He says that when he saw that he had hit the Zeppelin he was overcome by his feelings. 'My joy overflowed and I became like a child.'"

A ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN: THE FATE OF THE "L77" IN FRANCE—A WHOLESOME WARNING.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL; APPROVED BY THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF WAR.



AFTER BEING HIT BY A FRENCH INCENDIARY SHELL AND CRASHING TO EARTH IN FLAMES: WRECKAGE OF GERMANY'S ZEPPELIN, "L77," AT BRABANT-LE-ROI.

The news that a Zeppelin had been shot down by a French anti-aircraft gun near Rievigny was received with joy both in France and this country, where the murderous exploits of these craft have obliterated any feeling of sympathy that might have been felt for the crew in their terrible fate. The fine achievement of the French gunners was first officially announced in a Paris communiqué of February 21, which stated: "A Zeppelin, flying south from St. Manchois, was brought down by the motor-gun section of Rievigny. The Zeppelin was shot through with an incendiary shell, and fell in flames in the neighbourhood of Brabant-le-Roi." A later communiqué

said: "The Zeppelin brought down at Brabant-le-Roi is the 'L77,' of very recent construction. It was set fire to by an incendiary shell, and, on coming to earth, was further destroyed by the explosion of the bombs on board. The bodies of the officers and men forming the crew of the Zeppelin have been found in the cabin-boat." The loss was admitted in the German Main Headquarters report issued in Berlin on the 22nd. "A German airship," it stated, "last night fell a victim to the enemy's fire near Rievigny." Further illustrations of the wrecked airship will be found elsewhere in this Number.

The Floods in Holland—Greater than Those of 1825: A Gathering of Ducks.

WHEN PORTIONS OF LAND BECAME DETACHED AND FLOATED ABOUT THE FLOODS AS ISLANDS: DUCKS BELONGING TO PEASANTS OF VOLENDAM AND MARKEN ASSEMBLED IN A "LAKE" NEAR AMERSFOORT.

The great floods in Holland during January, caused by the breaking of dykes on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, were followed by a fresh inundation on February 16. At Volendam about twenty houses have been abandoned by their occupants, and one entirely collapsed. Some of the inhabitants took refuge at Edam, but most remained in their attics. The island of Marken, where several people were drowned in January, was again

inundated. Of the January flood the Dutch paper "Telegraaf" wrote: "The water steadily rose, and is now 18 centimetres [about 7 inches] higher than it was, surpassing even the high-water mark reached in the great floods of 1825. . . . Portions of pasture land have been detached *en bloc*, and are now floating as small islands. . . . It is estimated that in the Waterland some 1500 cows have been lost, besides sheep, etc.

In a Far Eastern Country Sympathetic to the Allies: Skating in Tibet.

WHERE THE DALAI LAMA CELEBRATED THE CONQUEST OF GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA BY HOISTING FLAGS: A GAME OF HOCKEY ON TIBETAN ICE.

Far from bearing ill-will for the expedition under Colonel Younghusband in 1903, Tibet is actively sympathetic with the British cause in the present war. As the South African War resulted in producing a loyal Dominion, with Boer Generals and soldiers fighting for the British Empire, so the expedition to Tibet made that country friendly. In 1910 its ruler, the Dalai Lama, was deposed by the Chinese, and fled to India. Two years later, the Tibetans having rebelled during the Chinese revolution, he was reinstated, and

an intended Chinese expedition to Tibet was withdrawn through British intervention. Last October the Secretary for India (Mr. Chamberlain) said: "The Dalai Lama of Tibet, as was stated last year, offered 1000 soldiers at the outbreak of war; his continued sympathy with the cause of the Allies is shown by the fact that, on hearing of General Botha's victories in South-West Africa, he ordered flags to be hoisted on the hills around Lhasa and special prayers to be offered for further victories."—[Photograph by Baljot.]

A "CASE" IN MID-AIR: SENDING A PATIENT TO THE DOCTOR.

DRAWN BY A. MOLINARI, SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE ITALIAN FRONT.



ITALY AT WAR: LOWERING A WOUNDED MAN FROM THE MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL.

One of the most difficult of the problems which have to be solved by officers in command of troops in mountain-warfare is how to dispose of their wounded; how these can best, with expedition and reasonable comfort, be removed out of the fighting zone, and transported to the ambulance-stations and hospital-posts below. In the cramped and narrow spaces on the top of a steep hill, or among mountain-craggs, where few flat surfaces can be found, there is no place for ambulances, and what best to do with men who become *hors de combat* is a pressing anxiety. The Italians,

in their campaign in the Higher Alps, are solving the difficulty with characteristic ingenuity and skill. One of their methods is to attach the stretchers (with the wounded safely made fast on them) to travelling-cradles, and slide them down wire stays stretching along the hill-sides and down to where the hospital-tents stand in the valley below. Red Cross orderlies control the descent. Another Italian method of lowering the stretchers in a sling from the top of a height to the bottom along a guiding-rope, is illustrated.—[Drawing Copyrighted on the United States and Canada.]

THE OCCUPATION OF CORFU: A MOVEMENT NOT PLEASING TO GERMANY.



FRENCH HONOURS TO A DEAD GREEK STATESMAN: A BAND OF THE CHASSEURS ALPINS AT THE FUNERAL OF M. THEOTOKIS, IN CORFU.



FRESH FROM HARD FIGHTING IN THE VOSGES: CHASSEURS ALPINS LANDED ON THE QUAY BELOW THE CITADEL OF CORFU.



IN THE HISTORIC ISLAND WHOSE PEOPLE FOUGHT THE EARLIEST NAVAL BATTLE ON RECORD: FRENCH CHASSEURS ALPINS ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE AT A GREEK WELL IN CORFU (CORCYRA).



"COMPLETELY REASSURED REGARDING OUR INTENTIONS": FRIENDLY INHABITANTS OF CORFU WATCHING THE LANDING OF PROVISIONS.



STEEL-HELMETED FRENCH TROOPS TAKING IT EASY AFTER THEIR LANDING AT CORFU, ON JANUARY 11: A SCENE ON THE QUAY.

French troops were landed in Corfu on January 11 to prepare for the arrival of part of the Serbian Army, to be reorganised there. A Paris communiqué said: "At 2 a.m. our squadron arrived. The French Consul was waiting on the quay with guides and motor-cars, and the landing of the troops began an hour later. . . . The work of landing horses and material proceeded, and the whole operation was over by 11 a.m. . . . By the evening French soldiers had been installed in the barracks and the new forts. The inhabitants of Corfu, completely reassured regarding our intentions, gave them a friendly reception." Mr. A. Beaumont writes: "The French troops are in splendid

condition, and made an excellent impression. They are Alpines who have seen hard service in the Vosges. . . . They look very happy, and are enjoying the warmth and sunshine, which for them is an agreeable change." M. George Theotokis, the Greek Minister of National Economy and Public Instruction, and an ex-Premier, died in Athens on January 25. His body was taken to Corfu, his native place, for burial. In ancient times the island was known as Corcyra, and was colonised by the Corinthians. The colony became a rival of the mother city, and in 664 B.C. they fought a naval battle, said to be the earliest recorded in history.

COMMANDING AT SALONIKA—AND THE FORMER DEFENDER OF VERDUN.



A BRILLIANT LEADER: GENERAL SARRAIL, A RECENT VISITOR TO KING CONSTANTINE.

General Sarrail, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Army at Salonika, recently filled the world's eye in connection with his visit to King Constantine, the success attending which is one of the events of the hour. Little less important is the tour of inspection round the defence-works of the Allies at Salonika which General Sarrail invited the Greek Generals to make, and which, it is stated, so impressed them that they pronounced the Allied position to be "impregnable." General Sarrail has been one of the foremost figures of the war ever since the opening move of the German first "thrust" at Paris.

His doings then have, as it happens, a special interest at this present moment, for it was his brilliant and stubborn defence of the Verdun position during the retreat before the Battle of the Marne, when he was at the head of the Third French Army, which saved France by enabling General Joffre to carry out the strategical redistribution of corps which ultimately brought about the memorable victory. Transferred to Gallipoli when General Gouraud was wounded, General Sarrail passed thence to Salonika, where the supreme command of the Allied forces was placed in his hands.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY.



AN AMERICAN FAMILY.



FAMILY OF RUDOLF II, EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.



THE HOME OF NICHOLAS FLAMÉ (1830-1915).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

HYSTERIA AND THE ENEMY.

THE phenomena of hysteria, now formally recognised by science as one of the most widespread diseases of the nervous system, are unfortunately known to everyone. It has many forms, from the terrifying convulsions of epileptiform hysteria to the mere snappishness and display of causeless emotion which is its most frequent symptom in the adult male. That it is apparently contagious or collective—i.e., that it often attacks many people at once—is also common knowledge, as was shown not only from the everyday experience of girls' schools in the last century, but by the scenes attending "revivals" in our grandfathers' time, by the *convulsionnaires* of St. Medard in the eighteenth century, and by the many sects of Flagellants, Bianchi and others, in the Middle Ages. It has been defined by Dr. Pierre Janet and others who have studied it scientifically as a doubling of the personality—or rather, as a temporary disintegration of it—whereby the natural, unconscious, or instinctive self escapes from the control of its wiser associate, the reason. Hence it often shows itself in the commission of foolish, senseless, or merely brutal acts, such as would only be indulged in by children or savages.

It is only by this hypothesis that we can explain the outrageous conduct of the German crowd throughout the war. As Dr. Gustave Le Bon explained years ago in his classic work, "*La Psychologie de la Foule*," the collective mentality of a crowd is that of

its lowest and weakest members, and the presence in it of a fair number of hysterics would therefore be enough to account for a collective display of hysteria. Thus we have the explanation at once of the scenes which disgraced Berlin at the outbreak of the war, when elderly citizens, trained for years in self-repression, spat in the faces of diplomatic personages; of some of the darker forms of cruelty accompanying the invasion of Belgium; and of the late outburst of exultation over the murder of innocent women and children by Zeppelin raids. Had reason any part in them, their perpetrators must have known that by these displays they were arousing against themselves the conscience of the whole civilised world. There are reasons, too, for thinking that the Germans may be peculiarly subject at the present time to hysteria of a collective form. Their rapid conversion from an agricultural people living the life of the fields to an industrial one working in factories, the abnegation of initiative and self-reliance imposed upon them by the iron discipline of officials both civil and military, and, above all, the constant dwelling on one idea caused by the more or less stealthy preparation during the last forty years of the whole nation for war, must all be looked upon as predisposing causes.

Our object, however, in studying at this crisis the psychology of the enemy should be, as Dr. Le Bon reminds us in his just-published "*Enseignements Psychologiques de la Guerre*," to learn therefrom how to beat him. As to this, there are two things to be said. One is that the hysterical diathesis or character,

however it evolves, so far from setting itself to the steady accomplishment of a great purpose, shows itself, in the words of a great medical authority on the subject, in emotional instability, in readiness to be influenced, a tendency to make sensations, a remarkable egotism, and a desire to conspire, to fabricate, and to simulate. All these symptoms seem to be manifested in what we hear of the conduct both of the German—especially the Prussian—civilian crowd and of the German soldiery. They have shown no sign of their presence among any of the nations allied against them, and this offers much hope for the future. The other consideration is that the hysteric, when opposed firmly and persistently, generally collapses suddenly and utterly: Everyone knows in mild and isolated cases the beneficial effect of a douche of cold water, and the same result has even followed from its application to a raging mob. That this should be so follows indeed directly from the nature of the disease itself. The main difference between hysteria and the mania which it often simulates is that in the former the reason never completely loses control, and that the patient, however violent he or she may be, always has one eye fixed on the effect which his or her paroxysms is producing on the spectators. For this reason, the law has rightly never accepted hysteria as an excuse for crime, nor does it afford any in the present instance. But it gives us many reasons to trust that when he realises the hallucinatory nature of his dream of universal dominion, the collapse of the enemy may be swift and sudden, as was, indeed, that of the Prussians after their defeats at Jena and Auerstadt. F. L.



LATER DERBY GROUP MEN BEING TRAINED FOR MUNITION-MAKING: A CLASS IN A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ENGINEERING SHOP.

The London County Council are training both women and men in munition-work, the men being those of the later Derby Groups. The trained women readily obtain work at from thirty shillings to two pounds a week; and men in the Derby Groups, when trained, can earn from £2 10s. to £4 a week, with the further satisfaction of knowing that they are helping in patriotic work. Our photograph shows men in course of training.

Photograph by Photopress.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TEAR, HOWARD, ARMY AND NAVY AUXILIARY CO., MOWLL AND MORRISON, DOVER STREET STUDIOS, LAFAYETTE, WESTON, AND SWAINE.



CAPTAIN ALLAN E. MESSER,
King's Royal Rifle Corps. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. A. E. Messer, Lyall Street, Bel-
grave Square, S.W.



CAPTAIN ERIC S. HUMPHREY,
Lancashire Fusiliers. Killed in action.
Son of Mr. Robert Humphrey, of Mar-
chester.



LIEUT. EUSTACE F. SMART,
Leicestershire Regiment. Only son of
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smart, Kingsnorth
Gardens, Folkestone.



2ND LIEUT. R. A. BAZELEY,
Royal Sussex Regiment. Enlisted in
British Columbia. Son of Mr. Ernest A.
Bazeley, Woodlands, Ottery St. Mary.



LIEUT. A. F. V. A. TREVARTHEN,
South Staffordshire Regiment. Killed in
France. Son of Mr. A. W. Trevarthen,
of Handsworth.



MAJOR SPENCER M. TAHOURDIN,
12th Cavalry, I.A. Son of late Rev.
Richard T. Tahourdin, Hon. Chaplain to
the King.



LIEUT.-COL. EWING W. GRIMSHAW,
62nd Punjabis. Son of the late T. A.
Grimshaw, C.B., M.D., late Registrar-
General for Ireland.



CAPTAIN INNES O. HUTCHISON,
Black Watch. Killed in Mesopotamia.
Son of Mr. W. Innes Hutchison, "Liver-
pool Daily Post," etc.



LIEUT. HENRY C. WAINWRIGHT,
The King's (Liverpool) Regiment. Son of
Colonel and Mrs. Henry Wainwright,
Sefton Park Road, Liverpool.



MAJOR G. H. IRVING GRAHAM,
44th Merwaras, I.A. Son of Major-Gen.
G. F. I. Graham, late Bengal Sta^t Corps,
who fought in the Indian Mutiny.



CAPTAIN A. H. BELL,
Royal Scots. Killed at Loos. Son of late
Mr. Lawrence Robertson Bell, formerly
of Ratho, Midlothian.



CAPTAIN F. BERNARD ROBERTS,
Rifle Brigade. A Cambridge Blue for
Cricket and Hockey. Son of late Canon
W. A. Roberts.



2ND LIEUT. EDGAR BARNETT SAMUEL,
Middlesex Regiment. Killed in France.
His C.O. wrote that he was "brave almost
to recklessness."



CAPTAIN J. GORDON DAVIES,
10th (1st Rhonda) Welsh Regiment.
Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davies, Hove
Park, Sussex; late of Sanderstead Hill.



CAPTAIN EDWARD E. SIMEONS,
Bedfordshire Regiment. Mentioned in de-
spatches and recommended for the D.S.O.
Son of Mr. Charles Simeons, Bromley.



CAPTAIN BERNARD P. NEVILLE,
Lincolnshire Regiment. Son of late Mr.
R. H. C. Neville, of Wellingore Hall,
Lincoln. Killed in action.



LIEUT. F. NICHOLAS ANDREWS,
Royal Irish Rifles. Son of Rev. J. W.
and Mrs. Andrews, Trysull Vicarage,
Staffordshire. Aged 20.



CAPTAIN VALENTINE C. J. BLAKE,
Irish Guards. Son of the late Valentine
J. Blake and the Hon. Mrs. Blake,
daughter of Charles, third Baron de Freyne.



2ND LIEUT. C. S. SHIPPEY,
Bedfordshire Regiment. Son of the late
Mr. F. Shippey, of Maritzburg, Natal,
South Africa.



LIEUT. J. F. SIDEBOTHAM,
Shropshire Light Infantry. Captain of
Oxford University Lacrosse Team, 1911-13.
Son of Mr. J. J. Sidebotham, Stockport.

THE CAMERA AS WAR CORRESPONDENT: NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, CENTRAL PRESS, ETC.



FILM-PICTURES TO ENCOURAGE THE ENEMY: AN AUSTRIAN ARMY CINEMA WAGON CARRYING THE ORCHESTRA-CUPBOARD.



FILM-PICTURES TO ENCOURAGE THE ENEMY: AN AUSTRIAN ARMY CINEMA WAGON WITH THE LIGHT-PROJECTOR APPARATUS.



MAKING SALONIKA A FIRST-CLASS FORTRESS: FRENCH HEAVY GUNS BEING BROUGHT UP FOR MOUNTING ON THE ENTRENCHED WORKS.



OUR WELL-EQUIPPED ARMY AT SALONIKA: A BRITISH STEAM-DRIVEN ARTESIAN-WELL BORER AT WORK.



AFTER A GERMAN AIR-RAID IN ALSACE: THE WRECKED INTERIOR OF A FRENCH MACHINE-SHOP.

The cinematograph as an item of army equipment for field service is a novelty of the war. As the first two illustrations show, the Austrians have provided their troops with a completely fitted mobile transport section for tours round camps at the front, to cheer up their severely battered battalions. As the lettering painted on the vehicles shows, the cinematograph section is a regulation portion of the field-service equipment.—The illustration of French heavy guns at Salonika is instructive as evidence of the energy of

the Allies in making their position practically impregnable should the enemy concentrate against General Sarrail's forces.—The fourth illustration shows to what an extent the Salonika army is equipped with modern mechanical appliances for the complete fortress-organisation of their position.—A telling picture of the damage bombs dropped during an air-raid can do among machinery in a workshop is afforded by the last illustration of the set—a photograph taken in Alsace.

BUCHANAN'S

SCOTCH WHISKIES



MONTAGUE TIGG (Martin Chuzzlewit).

"BLACK & WHITE" AND "RED SEAL"

"In aid of the Red Cross Society."

Messrs. Jas. Buchanan & Co. are issuing their Dickens Portfolio, containing thirteen Studies from the Works of the great novelist, together with a portrait of Dickens himself, beautifully reproduced in Colours from the Original Paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds, at 5/- the portfolio, carriage paid. The net proceeds will be handed over to the Red Cross Society.

These studies can be obtained on application to the Firm's Head Office, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

ASSAM AND THE BORDERLANDS.

COLONEL L. W. Shakespear, of the 2nd Gurkhas, is the author of a "History of Upper Assam, Upper Burmah, and North-Eastern Frontier"; and Macmillan's, who publish the book, make an interesting addition to their already considerable library of works dealing with our Indian Empire and its extensions. The author lacks the pen of a ready or practised writer—frankly, he is hard to read; but what he has to say is worth the telling, and his service with the Assam Military Police Force has given him some exceptional opportunities to observe and record. It is a pity he could not turn them to better account. The dedication is dated 1912-13, and in the preface he speaks of the Assam borderland being "now so much in the public eye." This reads like a piece of old history. Yet even to-day, when there are so many things to think about, Colonel Shakespear's book is worthy of attention, for it deals, *inter alia*, with questions of frontier government. The vast country of which he writes has Thibet for a northern and the Himalayas for a north-western boundary, China on the east, and Burmah on the south. Some of the tribes whose territory marks our borderlands are head-hunters, turbulent and treacherous. One school of administration advises that they be left alone, and merely punished when they misbehave; another advocates the establishment of military posts to prevent misbehaviour; there is a forward policy that would add these wildest of wild people to the Empire. It is clear that the Military Police perform remarkably good work on the frontiers of Empire, and that they do not obtain the full credit due to them. Perhaps the real reward comes from the work itself in lands where the white man is almost a stranger, and civilisation, in the guise familiar to us, is quite unknown. Assam is a country possessing great fascination not only on account of what it has been made in our time, but on account of those past civilisations of which faint traces can still be discerned. Colonel Shakespear tells of one high road 350 miles long, and the ruins of immemorial temples and towns. The jungle and the forest

have worked their will, and the hand of the excavator has not laboured yet beneath the superstructure that Nature has reared. Fighting in years long past gave the jungle what we may hope will prove no more than a leasehold; and in our own time an enervating climate and the lure of opium would seem to have robbed the Assamese of qualities that made their forbears tolerably warlike, adventurous, and rich. Some authorities find traces of a civilisation flourishing before the Christian era, but we are not yet in possession of clear evidence. The author does

working of the Ardath Tobacco Company, Ltd., the manufacturers of State Express cigarettes, is a case in point. For the year ending Dec. 31, 1915, the balance of net profit, after deducting all expenses, liberal depreciations and provision for all contingencies, amounts to £54,635 3s. 10d., to which has to be added £505 1s. 3d. brought forward, making a total of £59,686 5s. 10d. to be dealt with. The previous year's profit was £46,684 15s. 11d. After paying interim dividends and providing for final dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Cumulative Preference shares, and 7 per cent. per annum on the Preferred Ordinary shares, it is proposed again to pay a dividend of 25 per cent. on the Ordinary shares; to place to reserve a further £20,000; and to carry forward (including provision for excess profits duty) the sum of £11,284 0s. 10d. This, in war-time, is a first-rate record.

The Great Western Railway Company announce that, commencing on Monday last, the steamer services between Fishguard and Rosslare and between Fishguard and Waterford are now resumed, and the express trains from and to London and the connecting expresses to and from Irish towns will run as advertised in the current time-tables issued by the company.

The war has brought to the front, in some cases, hitherto almost unsuspected food-values, especially in portable form, and, while all the world knew the value of Horlick's Malted Milk, it was the war which introduced that excellent and agreeable comfort and support to our soldiers at the seats of war the "24-hour ration of Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets." The War Office has purchased large quantities, and many people have sent them to officers and men of our Expeditionary Forces, where they have met with unqualified approval. It is a flat, round tin, containing 80 Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets, which can be dissolved in the mouth, 10 to 20 of them affording the nourishment given by an ordinary meal. They often prove veritable life-savers, and cost 1s. 6d. a tin. For soldiers training at home, they can be had, of all chemists, in sixpenny and shilling glass pocket-flasks.



WITH THE FRENCH IN THE CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT: THE DEPARTURE FOR THE TRENCHES.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

not present his material attractively, or even succinctly; he does no more than give us glimpses and hints of what the past reveals; and he does not stand on firm ground until he is dealing with matters that lie within the radius of his own experience. But for all its superficial defects the book is well worth reading.

It is not everyone who is suffering, at all events financially, by the war, and the result of the year's

URODONAL

prevents Arterio-Sclerosis.

THE SIGN OF THE TEMPORAL ARTERY.

It is well known that Arterio-Sclerosis is a progressive modification of the blood vessels, which, by dint of coming into contact with blood that is loaded with poisonous substances and impurities, gradually become stiff and friable to the point of resembling clay-piping. This infirmity is the forerunner and starting point of serious disorders, such as atheroma, cerebral hemorrhage, atrophy of the liver or kidneys, &c. How can the preliminary symptoms be detected so that the progress of the disease may be arrested, if possible, before it becomes generalised?

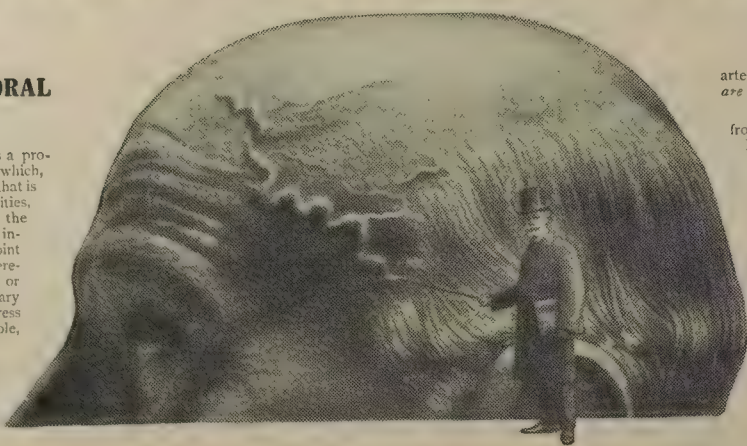
Candidates to arterio-sclerosis usually digest their food improperly; they experience vague feelings of discomfort, frequent migraine (sick headache), wandering pains, hemorrhage of the nose, tingling sensations in the limbs; the least muscular or mental exertion causes a feeling of exhaustion; they are sensitive to the cold, and inclined to be irritable, worried and melancholic.

There is, however, another symptom which is quite unmistakable, viz., the Sign of the Temporal Artery.

It has often been said that a smooth and unlined forehead, free from wrinkles and blemishes, is a token of innocence; but it would be more correct to say that it is a sign of youth and good health. As long as the blood is rich and free from impurities, so long do the muscles retain their flexibility, the skin retain its lustre and firmness, and the tissues their consistency.

On the other hand, if the blood becomes impure and the circulation impeded, the network of swollen, stiff and petrified blood vessels soon appears through the starved tissues. The temporal vein, especially (which under normal conditions is almost invisible) soon stands out in such a manner that no careful observer can fail to recognise it.

If, therefore, you should notice between the eye and the root of the hair, under the wrinkled and withered skin of the temples, a kind of hard, bluish, knotted cord protruding, be on your guard, for this is the indisputable proof that your blood vessels are becoming hardened, and that you are threatened with old age. It does not matter that you have not a white hair; your



The age of a man is the age of his arteries. Keep your arteries young by taking URODONAL, and you will thereby avoid Arterio-Sclerosis, which hardens the walls of the blood vessels, and renders them stiff and brittle.

Recommended by Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Académie de Médecine in his "TREATISE ON GOUT."

examine one's tongue in order to find out the state of the digestive functions.
Dr. J. L. S. BOUËL, Paris Faculty of Medicine.

Adopted by Public Health Authorities.

Gold Medal and Grands Prix. London, 1908. Quito and Nancy, 1909.

N.B.—URODONAL, prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Pharm., Chemist, Paris, price 7s. per bottle (3 bottles 20s.), can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free (in the U.K.), from the sole British & Colonial Agents, **Reppells** Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can also be obtained, post free, a full explanatory booklet, giving Doctors' Opinions on How to Maintain Health, and *Lancet* Report of Dec. 29, 1914.

Messrs. ROUGIER FRÈRES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada. Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff St., New York, U.S.A.



Appreciation is the reward of wise selection, so
Keep on Sending
HORLICK'S RATION
OF
MALTED MILK TABLETS

A round, airtight tin weighing 7 ozs. and containing 80 highly compressed tablets. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal, and they quickly restore energy and vitality. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst. Think in how many ways an emergency ration such as this would be useful to every soldier!

To Members of the Expeditionary Forces.

Now obtainable of Chemists
— Price 1/6 each —

If your Chemist cannot supply you, we will send the tin post free to any address on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also please state your own name and address.



Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State with which Expeditionary Force your Soldier is serving.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENG.

Linen bleached in nature's own way.



Robinson & Cleaver's real Irish Damask Table Cloths, bleached in Nature's own way by sun and dew, have a life far beyond that of many other bleached linens. They will stand long wear without losing their colour, and they are offered to the public at manufacturers' prices.

TABLE LINEN.

No. G771. — Superfine Hand-Woven Double Damask Tablecloths, suitable for square table. Pattern: Fleur-de-Lys Border, Satin Stripe Centre. Size 2 x 2 yards, 24/6; 2 x 2½ yards, 30/8; 2 x 3 yards, 36/9; 2 x 3½ yards, 42/11; 2½ x 3 yards, 53/-; 2½ x 3½ yards, 61/10 each. Dinner Napkins to match, 2 x 2½ yard, 59/- dozen.

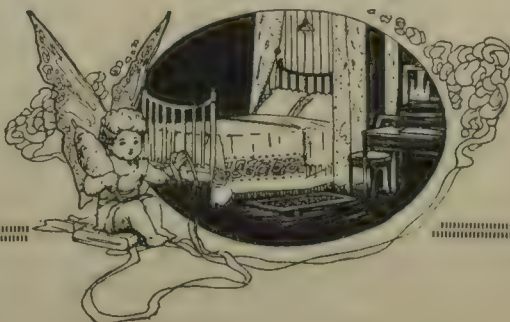
CREST WEAVING. — Crests, monograms, and lettering woven in table cloths, and napkins for large orders at a small extra charge. The best workmanship only employed.

BED LINEN.

No. B511. — Hemstitched Linen Sheets. Size, 2 x 3 yards, 21/11; 2 x 3½ yards, 24/6; 2½ x 3 yards, 27/6; 2½ x 3½ yards, 30/6 per pair. Pillow Cases to match, 20 x 30 ins., 5/-; 22 x 32 ins., 5/6 each.

Our Green Book of Damasks sent post free to intending purchasers. Price list and cuttings of linens sent free upon request.

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"Four Crown"
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ROBERT BROWN, LIMITED.
GLASGOW & 14, Jewry St., London, E.C.

Zam-Buk Cured This Pretty Child's RINGWORM & Restored Her Scalp to Perfect Health.



Little Ethel Dryland's Hairings, which ringworms were cured by Zam-Buk.

"WHEN playing with another child," said Mrs. E. Dryland, of 22, Station Road, Hastings, to a reporter, "my daughter, Ethel, aged 3½, caught ringworm, which spread so rapidly that her head was soon covered with bald, itchy places. A doctor told me that I must have all her hair shaved off. This greatly distressed me, for Ethel has a wealth of flaxen hair.

"I decided to see if Zam-Buk would do the ringworms good. After only a few dressings with Zam-Buk the result was so satisfactory that I said to myself, 'I'll stick to Zam-Buk.' When the balm was applied, the shocking irritation ceased, and Ethel became less fretful. She never so much as scratched the places after I applied Zam-Buk, which effectually rooted out the ringworm, and restored my child's scalp to perfect health."

Zam-Buk

There's only one Zam-Buk, and that is obtainable at all chemists and drug stores, or direct from The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds. Also at Cape Town, Toronto, Sydney, Calcutta, Bombay, Cebu, etc. There's nothing like Zam-Buk for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Sores and Skin Diseases.

NEW BOOKS ON RUSSIA.

Russia of To-Day. Several interesting books on Russia have recently appeared, of which one, by Mr. John Foster Fraser, entitled "Russia of To-day," published by Cassell, is perhaps more valuable for its numerous illustrations than for its letterpress—which latter is nevertheless bright, vivid, and entertaining. These illustrations, of which there are forty-four, are from photographs, and are all, without exception, striking. They give us glimpses of the Russian Imperial family at play, portraits of stalwart policemen, unconventional views of Petrograd and Moscow, and fine groups of types of Russian peasants. One of the most pleasing pictures is that of a troyka with its magnificent horses harnessed three abreast. Mr. Foster Fraser is a garrulous but observant professional globe-trotter who makes no pretensions to any special or precious knowledge of the countries he visits, but has a knack of describing in felicitous and often humorous language the things he sees. How keenly he is able to seize upon essential central facts may be gathered from the following passage: "There probably never was a Russia such as is depicted in melodrama or florid fiction; but if there was it has gone for ever. Russia has come within the circle of Western nations within the last hundred years, and now one notices a current of feeling that the twentieth century is to be the time for the real development of Russian resources. The progress Russia has made within the last hundred years has been phenomenal. But it is felt that after the war Russia must zealously equip herself for playing a much bigger part in the industrial and agricultural story of the world's progress. There must be organisation of resources, and a more intense cultivation of character—not an imitation of other lands, but a development of her own qualities into a mighty nation. . . . This aspiration, merging into decision, contributes to the steady optimism of the Russians regarding the war." In these few words Mr. Foster Fraser has epitomised the situation. There is a very excellent chapter entitled "Expert Advice to England," and Mr. Fraser's remarkable tribute to the effects of temperance is also admirable.

Europe's Debt to Russia. Another book to which we wish to draw attention is of a very different order. In "Europe's Debt to Russia" (Heinemann) Dr. Charles Sarolea has endeavoured, within some 250 pages, to show us the intellectual and political influence which Russia has exercised on the evolution of

modern Europe. We will pass over Dr. Sarolea's defence of autocracy, and at once turn to his chapters on Russian literature. While he admits that Tourgueniev as a writer is without a rival, he nevertheless has the audacity to say that "his horizon is as limited and monotonous as the horizon of the steppes," and he entirely fails to explain to the English reader the true inwardness of that writer's attitude. To say that Tourgueniev is "full of contradictions

duent familiarity with Russian problems. The most illuminating passages are those in which the author exposes the absurdity of the so-called Russian peril, and shows us how our dread of Russian expansion had been suggested by Germany.

Glorious Russia. The war has opened a new era in the relations between Britain and Russia which will have an immense bearing on the future of the two empires and of the world in general. It is essential that, as a nation, we should know more about our great Ally in Eastern Europe—her history, her present condition, and the character and customs of her people. The war has taught us much, but we have still a great deal to learn. An excellent little book to begin with—a sort of general introduction to the subject—is "Glorious Russia: Its Life, People, and Destiny," by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts (Arrowsmith). Mr. Hodgetts knows his Russia well, through long residence and travel, and has written several other books about it, including "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century," a "Life of Catherine the Great," and "In the Track of the Russian Famine." In the present work his object has been to present a comprehensive and popular survey for the general reader. Chapters are devoted to the Russian autocracy, religion, the aristocracy and the bureaucracy, education, peasant and village life, the working classes, the army, town life, Siberia, the Caucasus, Central Asia, German influence, and British prospects in Russia. The author writes compactly, and into a short space has compressed a wonderful amount of information. But the chief value of his work, as he doubtless intended, is that it will stimulate readers to explore further in the vast subject which he has so skilfully outlined. Like all well-informed writers compressing much knowledge into little space, he makes many allusions which provoke the reader's curiosity and desire for further information.



FLANDERS UNDER SNOW: TRANSPORT-WAGONS AT A BRITISH CAMP.

Photograph by L.N.A.

and fundamentally obscure" is to confess that one has failed to understand him. If Dr. Sarolea's estimate of Tourgueniev betrays a superficial state of mind, his failure to understand Tolstoy is even more deplorable. However, Dostoevsky, who is not taken quite so seriously in Russia as he is in France and England, is within his mental horizon, and for him he expresses boundless admiration. In short, a great deal in this book is superficial and ill-digested; nevertheless, the work reveals a

War time, with its daily and hourly anxieties, is only too apt to "write wrinkles" upon the fairest brow, and ladies, especially those who have friends at the front, will be well advised to pay a visit to Mrs. Adair, the well-known beauty specialist, at 92, New Bond Street, W., as her treatments are of lasting benefit. Mrs. Adair's treatments are known all over the world for their speedy and enduring effects, and a clear complexion is ensured by adopting her excellent methods.

"To Miss is as good as her Smile"—



Twice a year have the dentist examine your teeth—twice a day brush them with
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM.
This safe dentifrice cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes them to natural whiteness. You need not be afraid to smile if you use Colgate's.

Sold where you buy your toilet preparations.

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COUPON. (Dept. S.), 3/4/16

Please send me a trial size of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. I enclose 3d. in stamps to defray cost of packing and postage.

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Keep Your
Linoleum
Like
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DIRT, dust, footmarks, and smudges on your linoleum won't bother you if you use Johnson's prepared wax. It will quickly transform your oilcloth from dull lifelessness to bright, glossy cleanliness.

**JOHNSON'S
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Brings out the pattern and imparts a beautiful and durable finish which any housewife can easily keep in good condition.

It does all this with one-quarter the usual work and time. The linoleum may be walked upon immediately—the finish won't become sticky or tacky, and the polish is

Sanitary, Durable, Disinfecting.

You have a hundred uses for Johnson's Prepared Wax round the house. Let it clean, polish, and preserve your

WOODWORK
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Send for a trial tin without delay. Use the coupon for convenience.

SOLD BY MOST GOOD DEALERS

Insist on your Tradesman supplying you. He can easily secure Johnson's Prepared Wax from us.

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I enclose 6d. for trial tin of Johnson's Prepared Wax, and also free copy of your new Colour Book.

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Illustr. Lon. News.

No lady with the smallest regard for her appearance will be without a dainty jar of Ven-Yusa on her dressing-table.

MAKE Your SKIN More BEAUTIFUL.

Novel Discovery Works Wonders for the Complexion.

LITTLE TOUCHES of Ven-Yusa will in time accomplish wonders for the skin and complexion. It is only a question of the regular, persistent and faithful use of this rare "oxygen" cream.

The Ven-Yusa habit—indulged in three, four, or even six times a day—means little trouble, and takes up very little time; but what of the splendid results? A complexion with the bloom of the peach, a softening of those lines of care, a skin eloquent of Nature's purity, and hands white and soft and full of charm.

Good as Ven-Yusa is when first tried, it becomes twice as beneficent when "amalgamated" with the skin, so to speak, by regular use. Ven-Yusa's oxygen character causes it to act in a novel way. It stimulates, it soothes, and it beautifies the skin above and the tissues beneath. Accordingly, Ven-Yusa-given Beauty is lasting—not fleeting.

That is why Ven-Yusa is so different and so superior to ordinary toilet preparations. Unlike them, Ven-Yusa is useful, besides agreeable.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream

Ven-Yusa is endorsed in the highest ranks of Society for its exquisite refinement and beautifying power. It is the Economical Cream, too. 1/- per jar, of Chemists, Hairdressers, &c., or by post from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

FREE.—Send your name and address and a penny stamp (for packing and postage) to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, for a free miniature jar of Ven-Yusa.



By Appointment.

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(SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD)

**Strengthens.
Nourishes.
Improves the
appetite.**

For children who are naturally delicate, or who are inclined to out-grow their strength.

Pleasant to the Taste.
Children like it.

In bottles, 2/9, 2/9 and 4/6,
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*saves 1/2 your
cocoa because it
is double strength*

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Ask your Grocer for sample, or send for same direct to

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FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR.

THE "BURLINGTON."

AN IDEA! EASY
CHAIR THAT CAN
BE INSTANTLY
CHANGED INTO A
SEMI OR FULL
LENGTH COUCH.



Automatic
Adjustable
Back.

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.

Catalogue C7 of
Adjustable
Chairs Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON, LTD., 171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Successful Recovery.

Having received a notification from the Royal Aero Club that the general meeting of the members takes place on Tuesday, March 28, for the election of the committee and general business, it reminds me that I can report that Mr. F. P. Raynham is on the road to recovery from his recent accident at Brooklands. It may be remembered that Mr. Raynham was looping the loop when the tail of his machine broke, causing a fall from a height of 2000 feet. But for his skill attained through this fantastic flying he would probably have been killed, but he managed to check his fall on nearing the ground, and so lessen its force. Gymnastics in the air are always dangerous in that they cause severe strains on the machine; at the same time, those aeroplanes that can execute them are those that may get the pilot out of a "tight corner" in moments of difficulty. It may come as a surprise to many readers that the Royal Flying Corps has a hospital of its own for their particular cases. Its inception was due to Dr. Atkin Swan, aided by Mrs. Hugh Paynter, and its venue is 37, Dorset Square, N.W. The staff is a voluntary one,

casualties are increasing in this Corps, so it is hoped that the necessary funds will be provided in order that larger premises can be taken and equipped. It is for that reason I ask for contributions, and, I hope, not in vain.

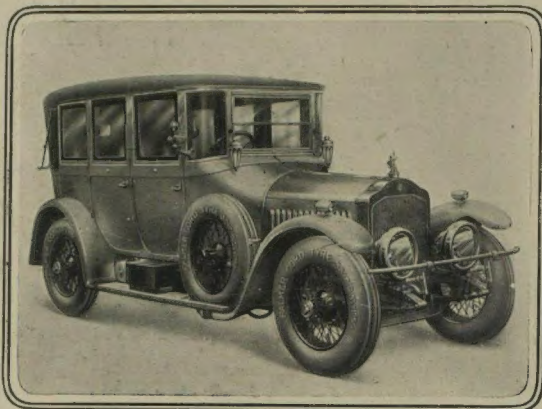
An R.F.C. Hospital. Brigadier-General the Right Hon. J. E. B. Seely, C.B., D.S.O., is lending Brooke Hill, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, as a convalescent home in connection with this hospital, and he is defraying the greater part of the expenses in maintaining this home. At the hospital itself ninety-nine officers have been treated by the staff, which consists of: Surgeons—Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, R. H. Jocelyn Swan, and Harold Chapple; Physicians—J. Newton Pitt, Cecil Wall, W. J. Jagger, J. T. C. Laing, and C. Atkin Swan; Surgeons for Nose, Throat, and Ears—Richard Lake and Philip Franklin; Neurologists—A. S. Blundell Bankart and Edwin Greaves Fearnside; Ophthalmic Surgeons—

Ernest Clarke and G. Hartridge; Dermatologist—H. W. Macleod; Bacteriologist—John Eyre; Anaesthetists—G. Rowell and H. Charles; Radiographer—R. Knox; Dental Surgeons—Percy Edgelow and Frederick Forsyth; Lady Superintendent—Mrs. Hugh Paynter; Treasurer and Secretary—H. G. Jeaffreson; Masseuse—P. F. Lindquist; and Masseuses—Mrs. Herbert Page and Miss Pulker. Major-General Sir David Henderson has arranged that the Royal Flying Corps contributes £1000 per annum towards the joint maintenance of the hospital and home. Thus, it is officially recognised, and this, I hope, will add a further reason why it should receive the support of the public.

A Famous Car.

Visitors to the Clement Talbot Works at North Kensington evince great interest in the famous record-breaking 25-h.p. Talbot exhibited in the entrance-hall. When the works were cleared of every available car

for war requirements, the racing "25" was re-erected to take the place of the cars usually on view, and the palatial surroundings of the Talbot entrance-hall



FITTED WITH 7-INCH PALMER CORD TYRES: A 30-H.P. CABRIOLET WITH A POLISHED NICKEL-SILVER BODY.

This cabriolet was supplied recently to the special order of an Eastern motorist, by Messrs. Mitchell Cotts and Co., of London. The body, of polished nickel-silver, was constructed by the Regent Carriage Company.

are an appropriate environment for its exhibition, where visitors are free to examine at their leisure the details of the car which made such wonderful history at Brooklands in 1912-13. Resting there in the shining armour of its polished steel streamline body of only nineteen inches beam, this historic car looks strangely silent and modest to those who recollect its astounding half-mile record at 113 miles per hour during the Olympia Week of 1912, followed by its even more phenomenal "103-in-the-Hour" run at Brooklands, which set half the world talking in amazement, and proved to all what this typically British touring-engine could do when tuned for speed. Nowadays Talbots are doing their full share of war service, and giving proofs of other and equally meritorious qualities essential to a long-lived touring-car. Motorists with an opportunity of visiting the Talbot Works at Barlby Road, North Kensington, should call and view the "Hour-Record" Invincible Talbot, even if they may not have yet decided to enter their name on the firm's already lengthening waiting-list for after-the-war models.

W. W.



FITTED WITH THE SPECIAL SPEED MODEL T.T. RADIATOR: A TWO-SEATER 15-20-H.P. STRAKER-SQUIRE.

This car, it should be noted, is British throughout.

aided by donations and weekly subscriptions from those interested in our air service, and so far eight beds have been maintained in the two wards. Unfortunately, the

Kensington evince great interest in the famous record-breaking 25-h.p. Talbot exhibited in the entrance-hall. When the works were cleared of every available car

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

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CHAMPAGNE
CIDER

DELICIOUS
TO THE LAST DROP.

WARDS OFF
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

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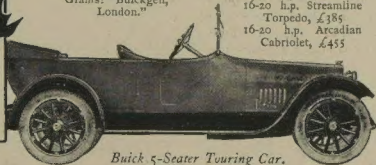
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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

C J WOOLLEY (Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.)—The book is certainly worth having from an educational point of view, and it is brought well up to date in its notes and additional games. You had better order through your New York house; it will save much trouble, especially at the present crisis.

R E H (Aldershot).—A reply has been posted.

Y KONTIEMI (Raabe).—In your last three-mover only one of the variations has a single continuation. If Black play, 1. K to Kt 3rd, 2. Q to Q 6th, K to R 2nd, 3. B to B 2nd (mate); if 1. K to Kt 5th, 2. Q to Q 6th, and Q to B 4th (ch), both lead to mate; if 1. K to Kt 4th, 2. Q to Q 2nd, Q to R 5th, etc.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. E. MACDONALD and P. W. SERGEANT.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	23. R to B sq	R kes R
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	24. B takes R	Q to K B 4th
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	25. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to B 7th
4. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	26. P to R 4th	Q to Q 8th
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	27. B to Kt 2nd	K to B sq
6. B to B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	28. P to R 5th	B to Q 4th
7. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q P takes P	29. P to R 6th	P to Kt 4th
8. B takes B P	P to Q Kt 4th	30. P to Kt 4th	B to K B 5th
9. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	31. Q to B 3rd	K to K 2nd
10. Castles	R to B sq	32. B to R sq	
11. B to Kt 2nd	P takes P		
12. P takes P	Kt to Q Kt 5th		

Kt takes P, of course, loses the piece, as Queen cannot retake Knight.

13. B to K 2nd B to Q 3rd
14. R to B sq Castles
15. P to Q R 3rd Kt to Q 4th
16. Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt
17. R takes R Q takes R
18. Q to Q 2nd

White does not fully realise the force of the attack; once the adverse Knight can go to his K B 5th square, the game is hard to save.

18. Kt to B 5th
19. P to Kt 3rd Kt takes B (ch)
20. Q takes Kt Q to B 3rd
21. K to Kt 2nd Q to Q 4th
22. Q to K 3rd R to B sq

The game was continued a few more moves before White resigned.

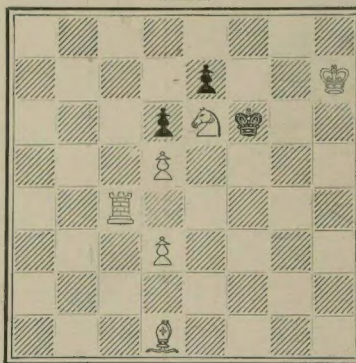
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3721 received from C Constantin (Johannesburg); of No. 3722 from Ethel Corbett (Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.); of No. 3723 from D G Douglas (Ithaca, New York), C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven), J Orford (Birkenhead), A V Markwell (Cavalla, Macedonia), and Forsten Sundstrom (Hailu, Finland); of No. 3724 from J Marshall Bell, C Field, J C Osborn (Plumfield, U.S.A.), R F Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada), Forsten Sundstrom, J F Finlay

(Enniskillen), and J Isaacson (Liverpool); of No. 3725 from Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), Fidelitas, J F Finlay, Montagu Lubbock, Jacob Verrall (Rodmell), J Isaacson, A W McFarlane (Waterford), F A Broadley (Waterford), N S Oakley (Lewisham), J Orford, and P J Bellasis.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3726 received from H Maxwell Pridoux (Exeter), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A H Arthur (Bath); J J Dennis (Gosport), J Fowler, W Taylor (Westcliff-on-Sea), H Grasset Baldwin, D J Wilson-Hallenden (Horsham), and Rev. J Christie (Redditch).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3724.—By W. A. CLARK.
1. Q to B sq, and White mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3727.—By the late J. B. FISHER.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

A publication such as "Every Game Check-Mate: One Hundred Games, with Diagrams," Compiled by J. Douglas (London: F. Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.), at once challenges criticism. One naturally must inquire as to the qualifications which the compiler brings to his task of selection, and on what basis his choice is determined—an inquiry that is not met by the presence of analytical notes, nor can be mollified by the gift of a diagram of the concluding position. We cannot find any distinctive principle here at work. Some very good games, gathered from a wide area of time and space, are mixed up with many of altogether indifferent value; and there are, besides, conspicuous omissions. We are glad to see Blackburn's fine win against Lipschutz at New York receive due recognition; but where is Zukertort's famous victory over the English master in the London Tournament? Pillsbury hardly receives justice with one defeat; and Schlechter's subtle style is scarcely exhibited in the single example given. The book, however, will afford some pleasant hours to the lonely player, and much instruction to the student who wants to realise what master-play really is.

QUEEN ADELAIDE.

IT may seem that a good deal of Miss Mary F. Sandars' "Life and Times of Queen Adelaide" (Stanley Paul) is chit-chat, yet it is exactly out of such material that she builds up her very pleasant and convincing portrait of her subject. William the Fourth's Queen was introduced into an extremely difficult position, and if as the sharer of his throne she made great mistakes, as his wife her conduct was unimpeachable. It is in the latter regard that Miss Sandars mainly studies her in this volume. A plain, rather ugly lady, with excellent manners, a tactful intelligence, a calm temper, and an unusually good heart, sums up the impression it leaves of the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen who quitted her small, homely principality to become Duchess of Clarence, and unexpectedly found herself in time destined for a queenly rôle. As Duchess she immediately met difficulties in her new home through the presence there of the FitzClarences, Mrs. Jordan's children, which was an outrage on her sensibility that their conduct did not always soften. Miss Sandars has no trouble in proving that she behaved towards them with a dignity and amiability betokening a woman who, if not clever, had at least an understanding mind. In William IV. she had a husband of sound natural affections, but eccentric mind and temper, and here again she shines in Miss Sandars' pages as a virtuous wife, who preserved him from many exhibitions of foolishness and advanced the popularity which for long periods he enjoyed in the country. Speaking of the French Revolution, he remarked that as the French had set the fashion of "cutting off the heads of the King and Queen, it was not at all improbable that the same system might be adopted in other countries, and Europe might exhibit the extraordinary spectacle of thrones without Kings and Kings without heads." This is a mild sample of the middle-headedness, causing amused ridicule of his speeches, which when it shaped his actions often produced dangerous situations for his Ministers and advisers. That Queen Adelaide, usually so sensible in counsel, should have increased the tension in the most critical of these situations, by the intervention of her influence still more than her advocacy against Reform, is explained by Lady Augusta FitzClarence's remark that, though she had lived in England a good many years, she had not a single English notion. This failure to understand the country in which it was her fate to live undermined a popularity in it which in different political circumstances would have increased instead of diminishing; and undermined it all the more certainly because she was not the nonentity it was and has been too generally the fashion to represent her. This is only one of the erroneous conceptions removed by Miss Sandars about a good woman and Queen, not the least of whose misfortunes was to have been plain in looks.

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